

DUGGAN • TO • HERRING

GUARDIANS *of the* GALAXY[®]

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BLACK SHEEP, SCOUNDRELS, WEIRDOS: PETER QUILL--A.K.A. STAR-LORD--DRAX THE DESTROYER, GAMORA, ROCKET SCOTT LANG--A.K.A. ANT-MAN--ROCKET RACCOON, AND GROOT LEARNED TO LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN INTERESTS, THEN DISCOVERED THEY COULD NOT STAND BY WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS IN PERIL. THEY HAVE NO OFFICIAL JURISDICTION, BUT IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE (OR YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON A SCORE) IN THE MILKY WAY, YOU CAN CALL THE...

GUARDIANS of the GALAXY

ISSUE 146



in
"The Evil
Has Landed"

BEFORE EMBARKING ON THEIR BOLD QUEST FOR THE INFINITY STONES (ALL OFF THE MAP SINCE THE MULTIVERSE CHANGED INDISCERNIBLY), THE GUARDIANS STOPPED ON EARTH TO SEE IF ANYONE THERE COULD HELP.

NOT ONLY WAS THERE A DEARTH OF HELPFULNESS, THERE WERE A BUNCH OF BOZOS ASKING FOR FAVORS. ONE, SCOTT LANG, A.K.A. *ANT-MAN* HAD MADE A BAD MISTAKE--BETRAYING HIS FELLOW HEROES WHILE THINKING HE WAS PROTECTING HIS DAUGHTER--AND WAS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIE LOW. THE GUARDIANS (THEMSELVES SEASONED MISTAKE-MAKERS) AGREED TO LET HIM TAG ALONG OFF-PLANET...RIGHT BEFORE A FEW NOVA CORPSMEN (INTERGALACTIC COPS) SHOWED UP. WHAT DO *THEY* WANT?!

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YOU ARE
THE 13 TALONS OF
THE BROTHERHOOD
OF RAPTORS.



WHAT OF
OUR OPERATIONS
AGAINST THE NEWLY
RECONSTITUTED
NOVA CORPS?

TALONAR,
SPEAK.

IMPERATOR,
OUR SPIES HAVE
BEEN COLLECTING
INFORMATION ABOUT
EVERY FACET OF
THE NEW NOVA
CORPS.



TROOP
MOVEMENTS,
STRENGTHS,
WEAKNESSES.



THEY ARE ESTABLISHING NEW STRONGHOLDS IN SEVERAL KEY LOCATIONS ACROSS THE GALAXY...

...THE LARGEST OF WHICH IS THEIR HEADQUARTERS WITHIN A LARGE ASTEROID BETWEEN THE SHI'AR AND THE TERRAN SYSTEMS.

THEY'RE MINING THE ASTEROID, SELLING THE RARE METALS AND USING THE RETURNS TO BUILD UP ARMS.



HAH!

THEN WE SHALL MAKE THIS NEW STRONGHOLD LOOK LIKE THE RUBBLE OF THEIR HOME PLANET XANDAR.



HMM.

HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA!



I'M OLDER THAN MANY OF YOU, AND I REMEMBER MY HISTORY... BECAUSE I LIVED IT.

THE NOVAS WERE ONCE MIGHTY FOES. THEY MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO REGAIN THEIR FORMER GLORY.

CONTINUE, TALONAR.



FORGIVE ME, SIR.

AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE I WAS INTERRUPTED, OUR FOES HAVE A NEW SEAT OF POWER...

"...THEY CALL THE
MONSTROSITY
THE SPIRIT OF
XANDAR, BUT
MOST REFER TO
IT SIMPLY AS
THE ROCK.






"THE NEW CORPS IS
RELIANT ON ITS
MEMBER PLANETS
FOR EVERYTHING.




"THE WARRIORS,
SCIENTISTS,
EQUIPMENT
AND FUNDING ARE
ALL DONATED.



"TRUE, THEY HAVE THE MONEY FROM
THE MINING, BUT THEIR LEADERS
ARE WEAK, AND MORALE IS LOW.



SIGH



"OUR SPIES AND SABOTEURS
HAVE INFILTRATED THEIR RANKS
AND ARE NOW READY TO
DESTROY THEM FROM WITHIN."

HERE
WE GO.





HHMPH.

YEAH,
SURE THING,
BOSS.

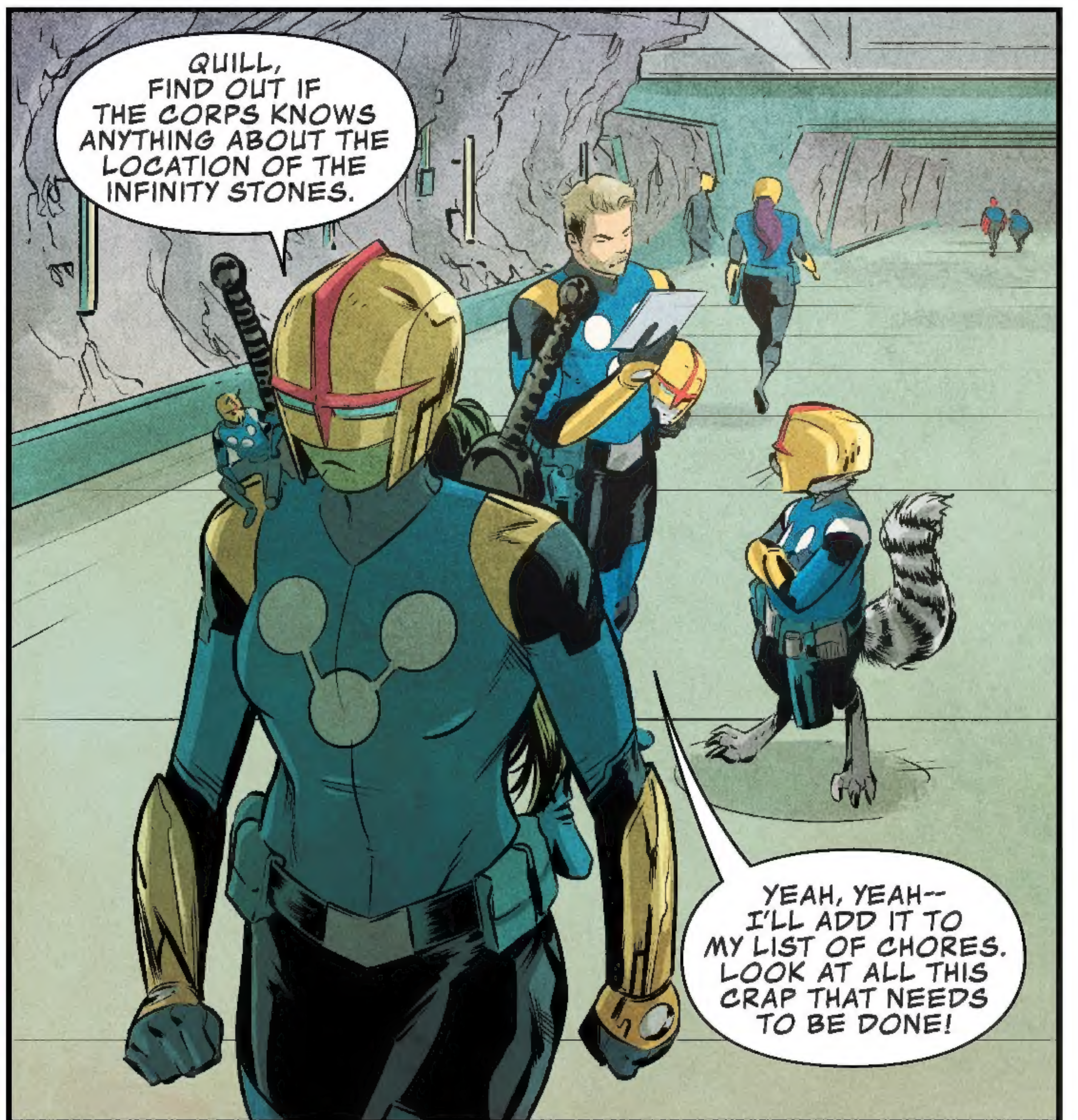
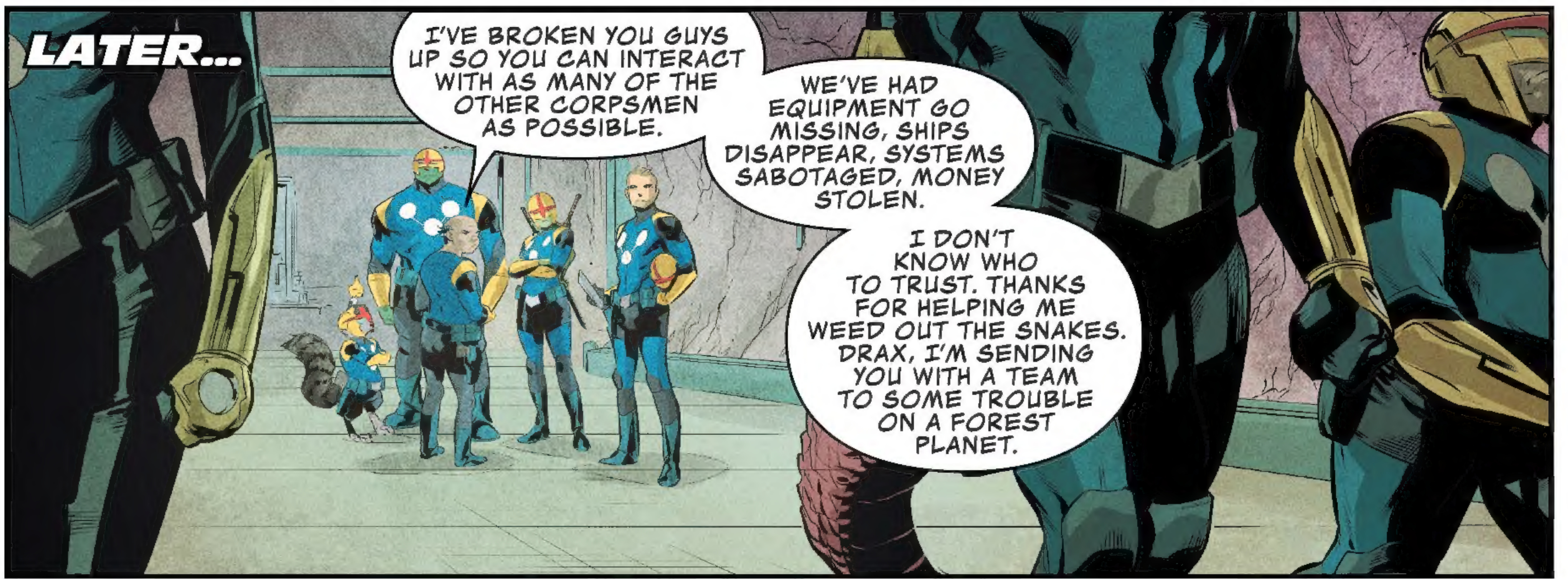
WHAT THE
HELL ARE WE
DOING?

I
GUESS.

HOW LONG
IS THIS MEETING
SUPPOSED TO GO?
I'M KIND OF IN
A RUSH TO
DESERT.

I AM
GROOT.

SIR,
YES,
SIR.





EXCUSE ME, CORPSWOMAN-- YOU'RE FROM **TERGSLOV**, RIGHT?

YES!

YOU GUYS HAVE A LOT OF VERY **EXPENSIVE** ART ON THAT PLANET. WHY DON'T WE GO OVER YOUR **PLANETARY DEFENSES**?

OF COURSE, SIR. OUR COMPUTERS ARE A LITTLE OUTDATED.

DO GO ON.



HEH.

BEFORE I JOINED THE CORPS, I WORKED AS A... "SECURITY CONSULTANT." I'M JUST MAKING SURE THAT EVERYTHING IS LOCKED DOWN TIGHT FOR THE NOVAS. TELL ME **EVERYTHING**.

SAM ALEXANDER
EARTH

INHERITED
BLACK NOVA
HELMET FROM
FATHER JESSE
(PRESUMED
DECEASED).

RICH RIDER
EARTH

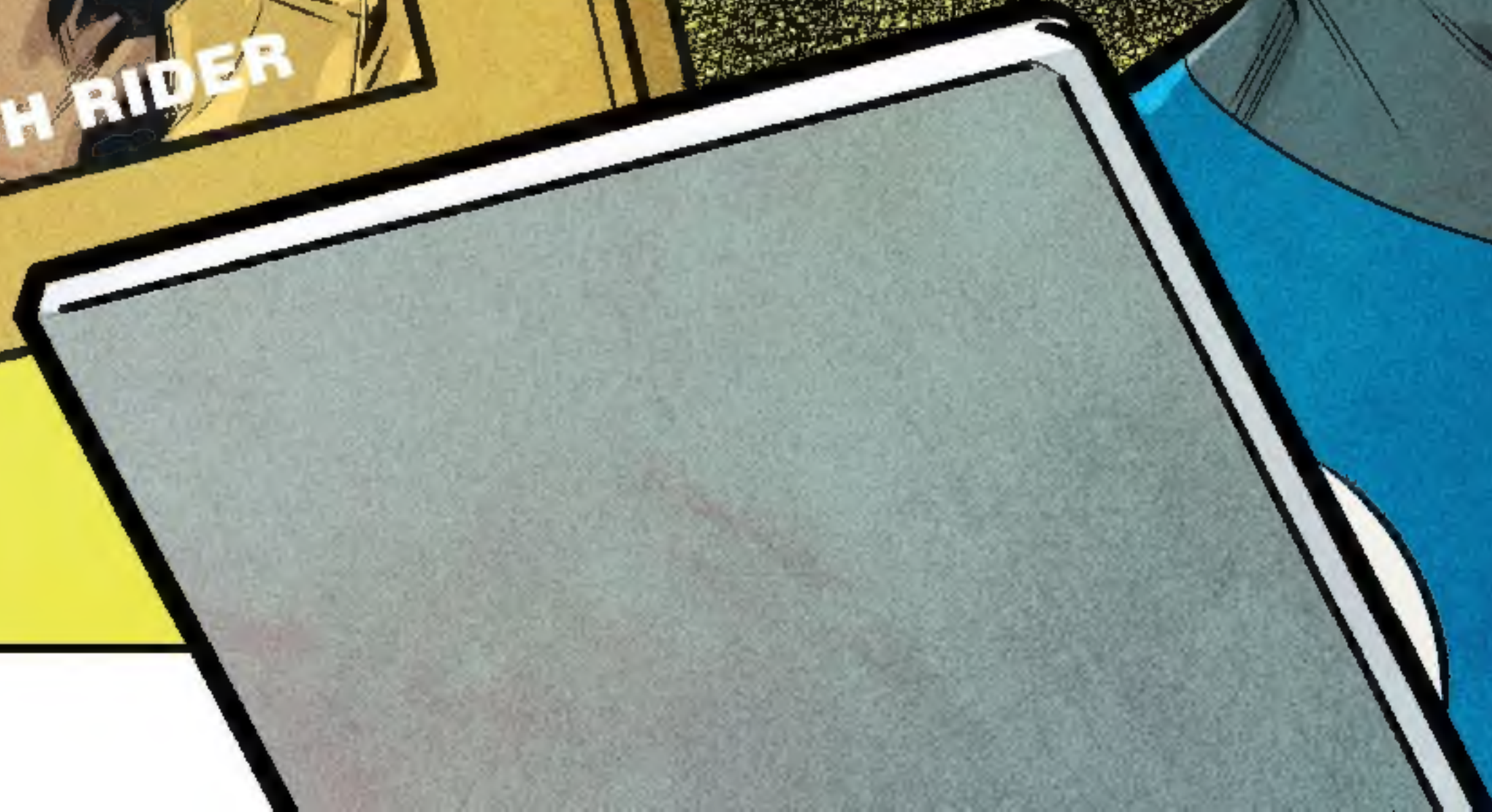
M.I.A. FOLLOWING
CANCERVERSE
INVASION.

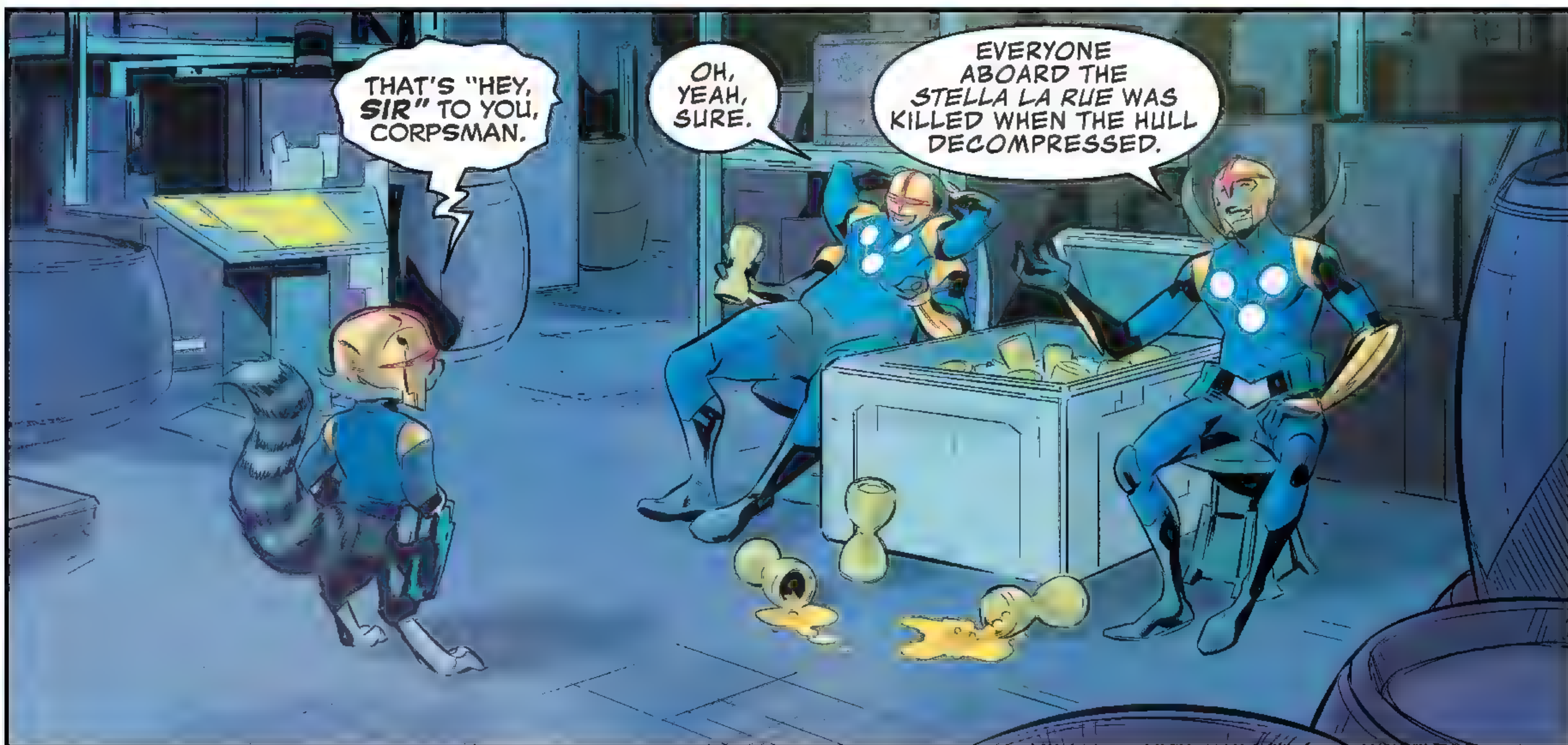
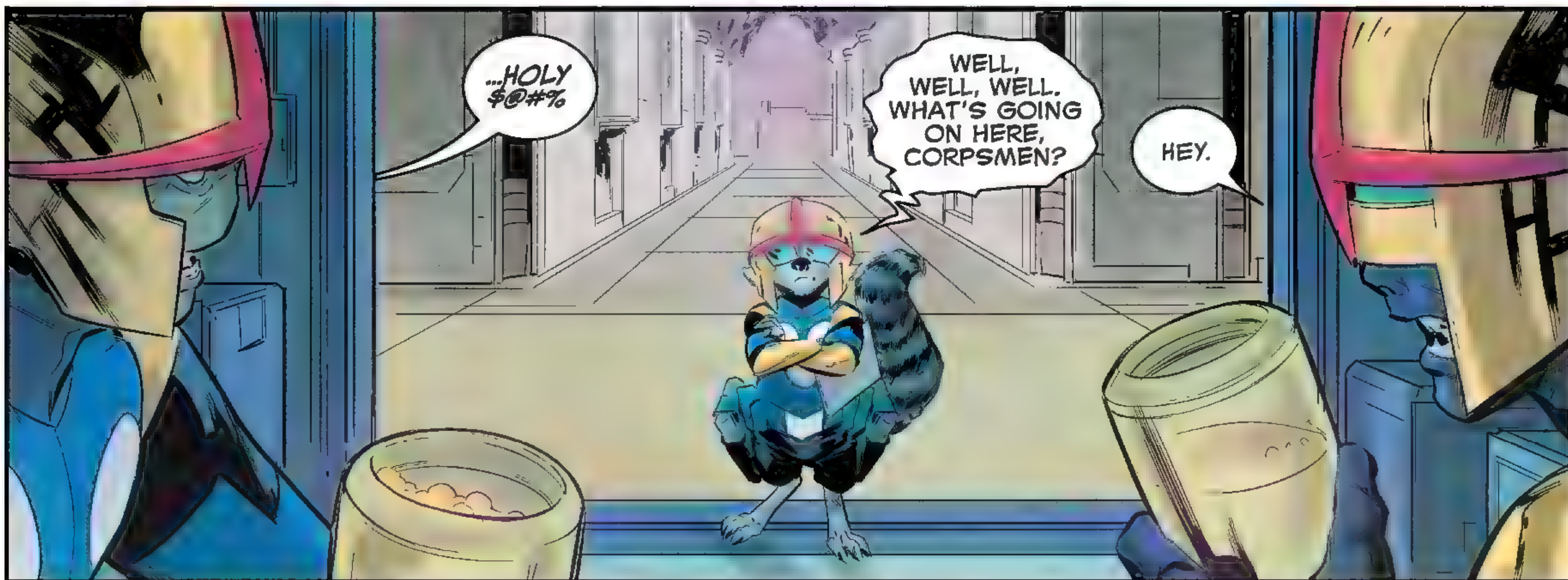
ESCAPED AND
RETURNED
TO DUTY.

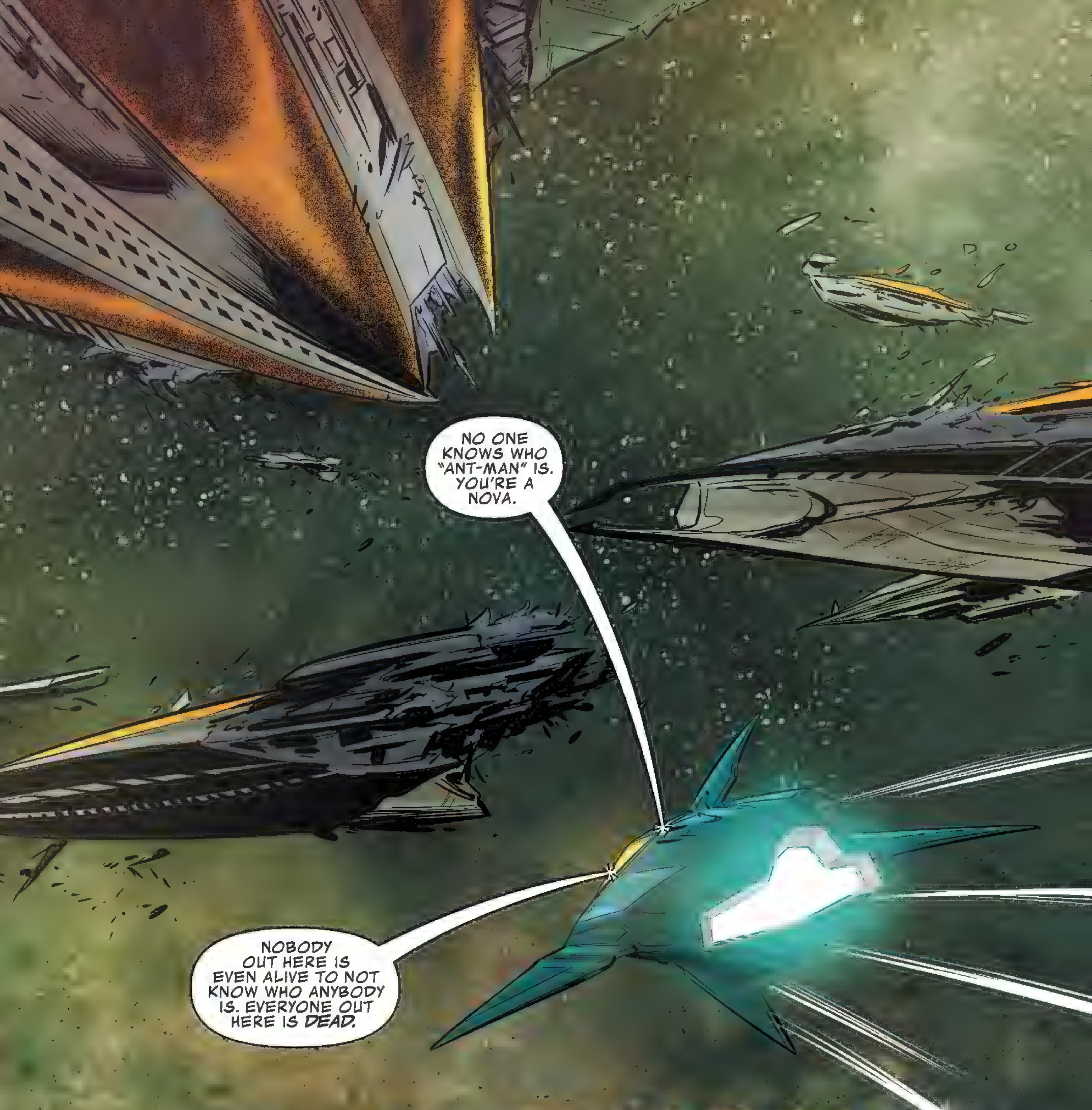
EVE BAKIAN



RICH
RIDER IS--HE'S
ALIVE?!







NO ONE KNOWS WHO "ANT-MAN" IS. YOU'RE A NOVA.

NOBODY OUT HERE IS EVEN ALIVE TO NOT KNOW WHO ANYBODY IS. EVERYONE OUT HERE IS DEAD.



YOU'RE BROADCASTING.

WHOOOPS.

IF ANYBODY CAN HEAR THIS, THE NOVA CORPS IS COMING TO HELP!

THIS IS THE NOVA CORPS TRANSMITTING ON ALL FREQUENCIES--



--IS THERE ANYBODY ALIVE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?



AH!

WHUMP

IT APPEARS
ULTRON
HAPPENED.



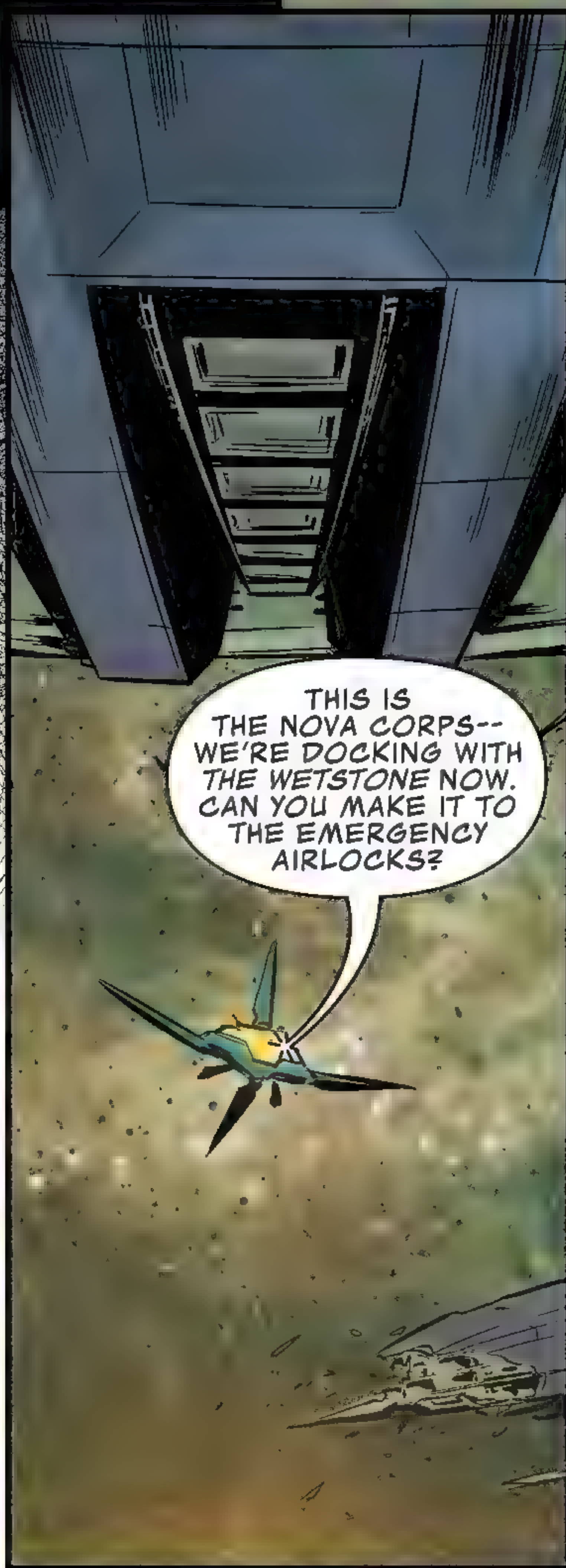
HOW
CAN THAT
BE?

YOU TELL ME,
EARTHMAN.

WHY DOES
EVERYONE
HATE EARTH?

BZZT!
CAN YOU HEAR
US? THIS IS THE
WETSTONE. WE'RE
LOCKED IN THE
ENGINEERING
BULKHEAD.

I TH-THINK
WE'RE THE
LAST OF THE
SURVIVORS.



THIS IS
THE NOVA CORPS--
WE'RE DOCKING WITH
THE WETSTONE NOW.
CAN YOU MAKE IT TO
THE EMERGENCY
AIRLOCKS?



NEGATIVE.

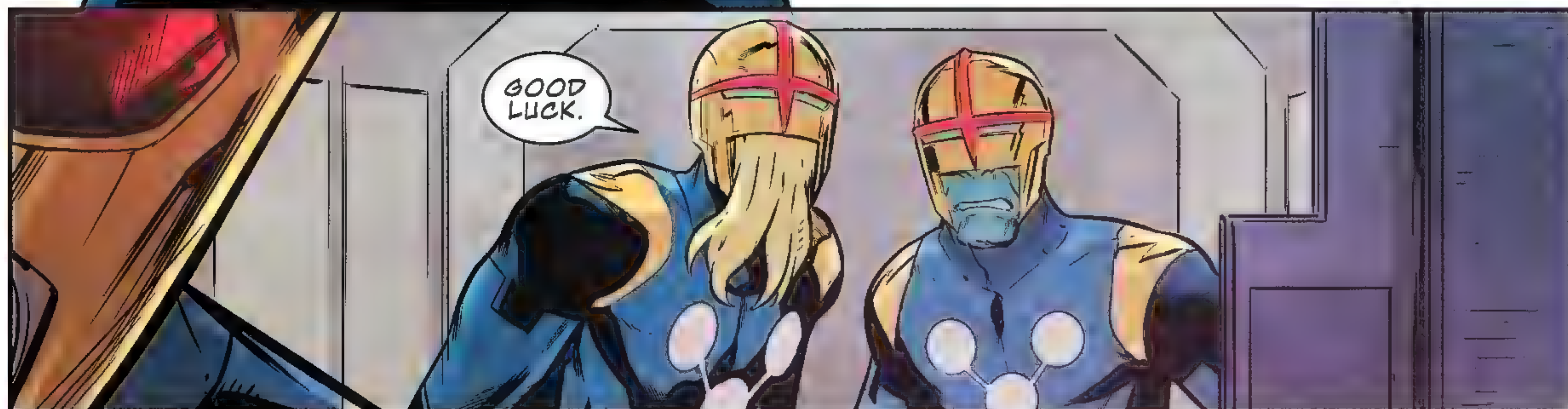
THERE
ARE TOO MANY
OF THEM BETWEEN
US AND YOU.

TOO
MANY WHAT
EXACTLY?



I DON'T
KNOW. THE
FIRST ONE
CAME FROM
EARTH.

C'MON,
GUYS. WE'RE
NOT ALL
BAD.



HANK SAYS
"HELLO." OR WAS
IT "HELP"?

SORRY, THE
MESSAGE IS A
BIT GARBLED.

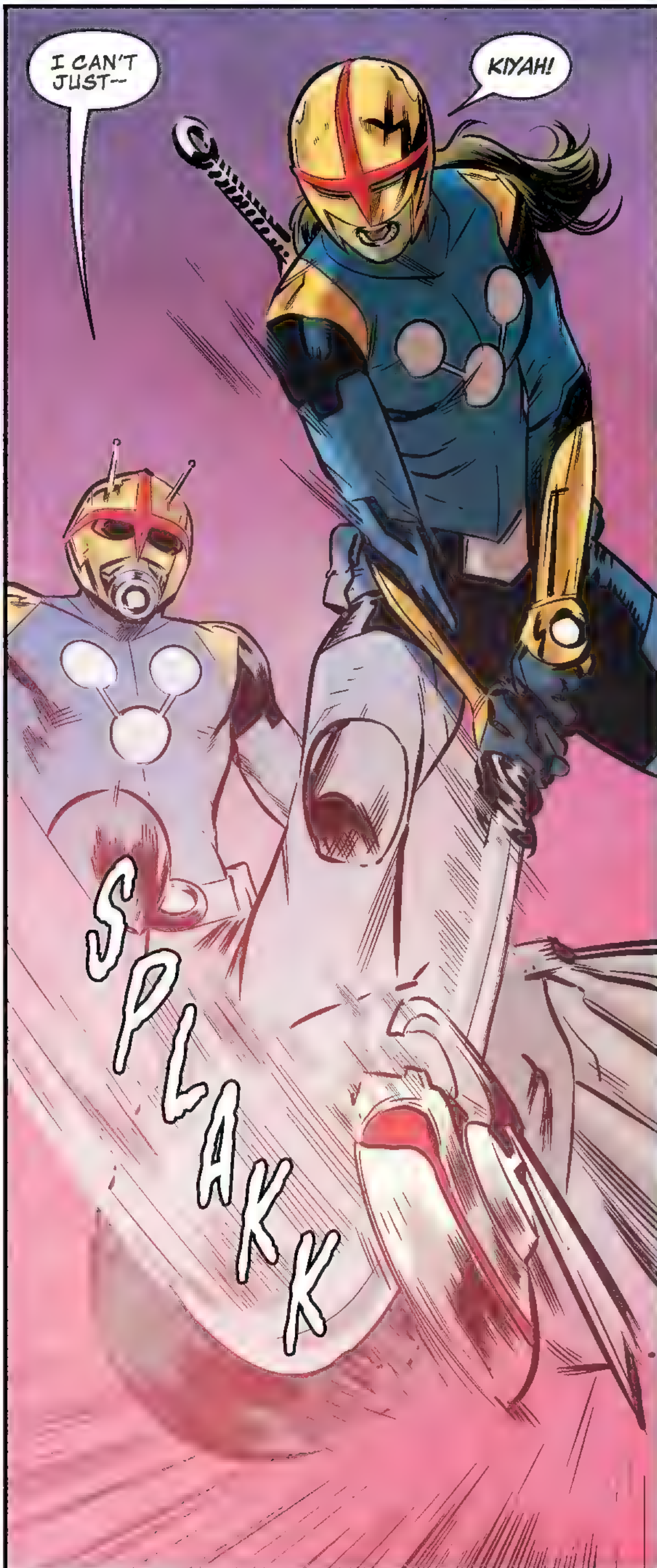
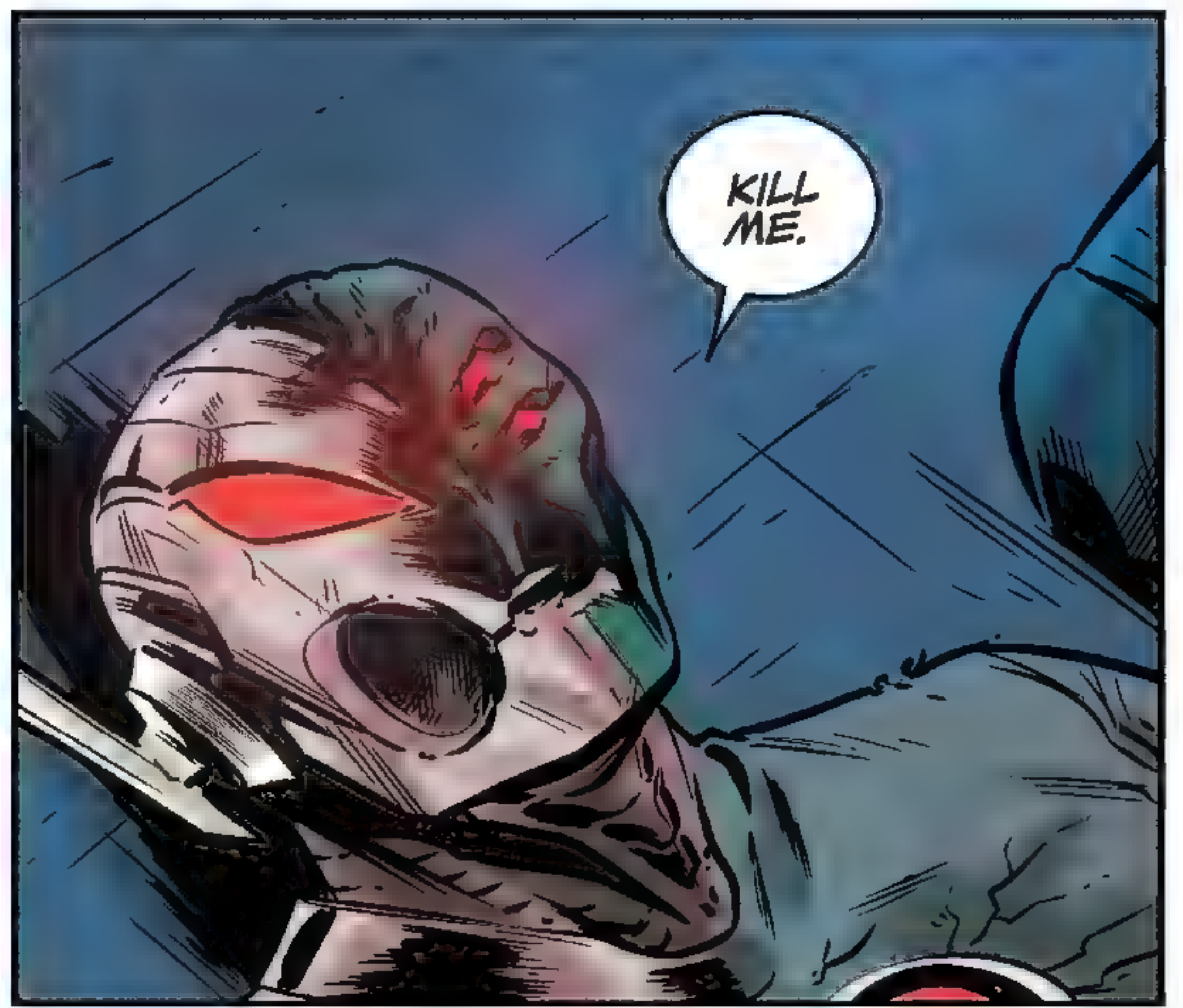
HA-HA-HA!

YOU KILL
HANK, AND
NOW YOU MAKE
JOKES?!

WE'LL
DESTROY YOU,
ULTRON!

WHUDD







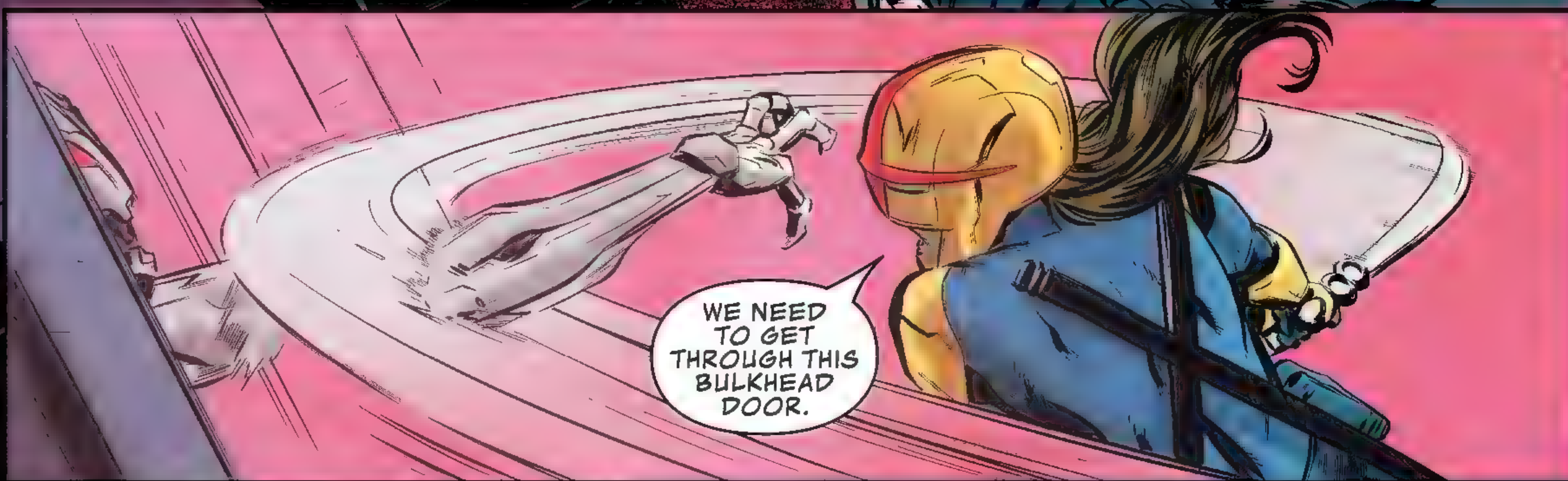
SO FAR, REALLY
REGRETTING
MY DECISION
TO COME TO
SPACE.

THE
FEELING IS
MUTUAL.

HI,
SCOTT!
KILL YA
SOON.

GOD,
ULTRON IS
SPEAKING
THROUGH ALL
OF THEM!

I GOT
HIM PINNED,
GET IT!



WE NEED
TO GET
THROUGH THIS
BULKHEAD
DOOR.



I'M ON
IT!



PERMISSION
TO COME
ABOARD?

OFF.



BE
RIGHT
BACK!

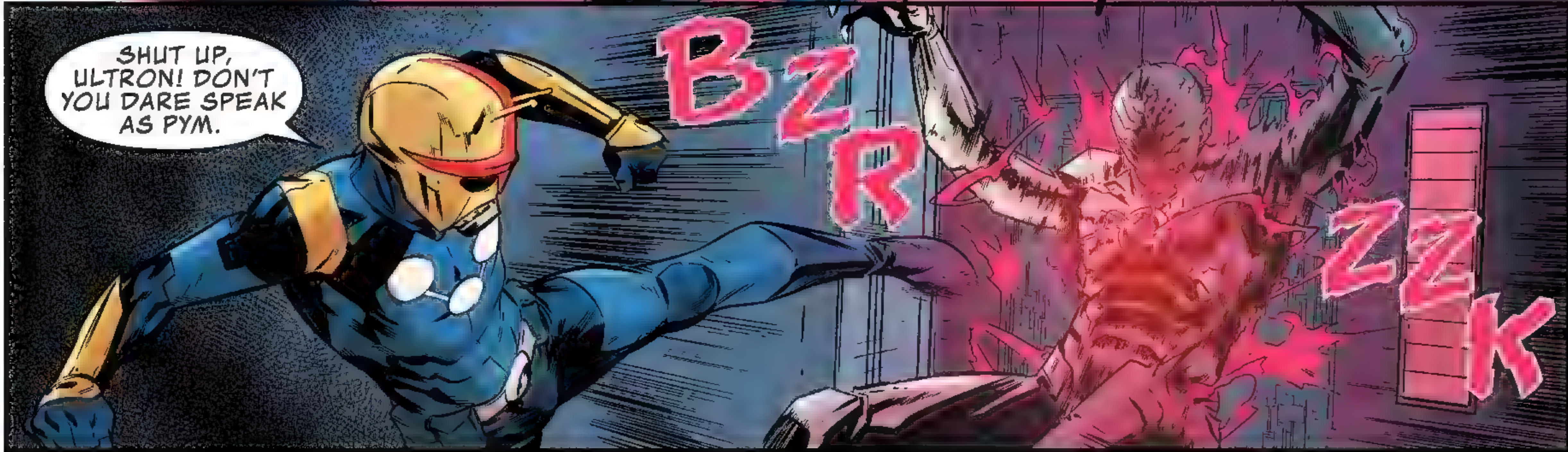


I CAME TO SPACE TO FORGET ABOUT MY TROUBLES FOR A WHILE--

--AND THE FIRST PILE OF \$@#% I STEP IN IS ULTRON? I HAVEN'T RUN FAR ENOUGH FROM EARTH YET.

JOIN ME, SCOTT. JUST KEEP FOLLOWING IN MY FOOTSTEPS, YOU'LL BE WITH US SOON ENOUGH.

HA-HA-HA!



SHUT UP, ULTRON! DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK AS PYM.

BZZR

ZZK

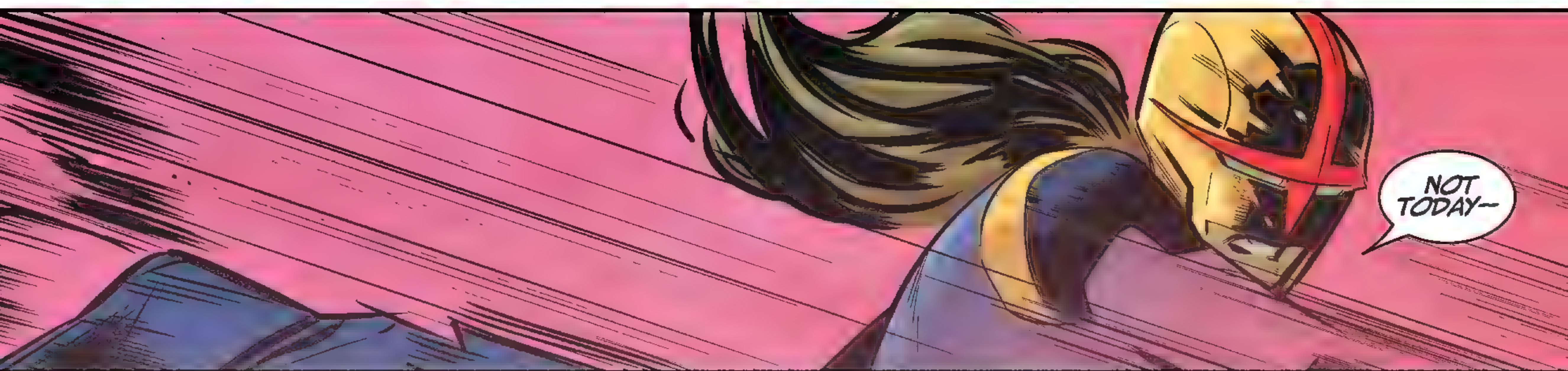


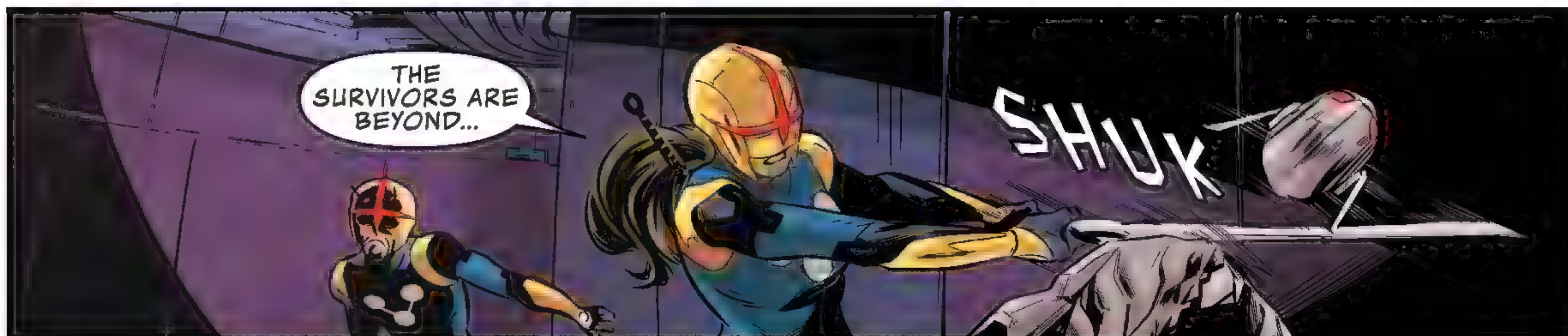
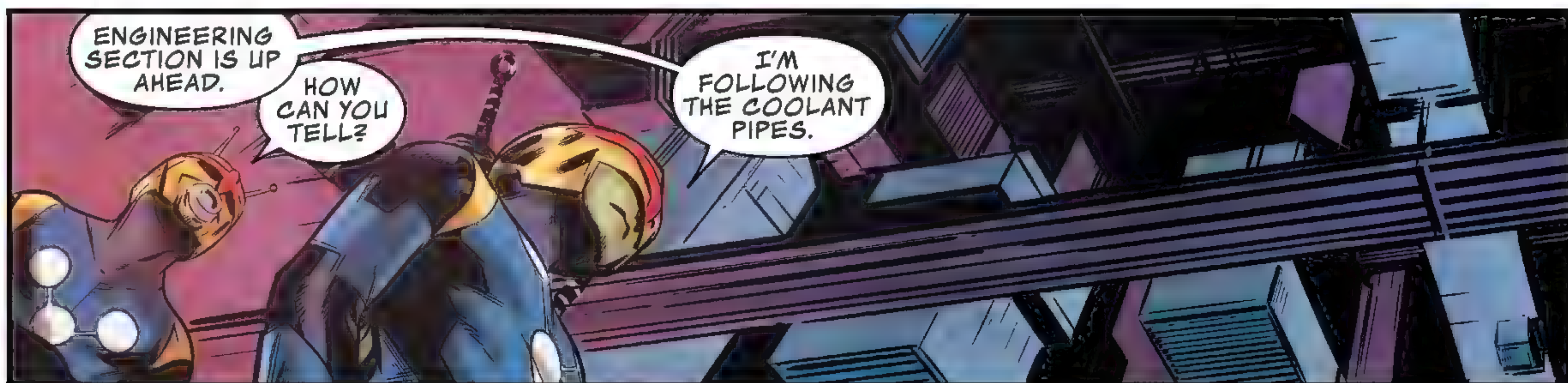
THERE'S A PLACE AT THE END OF THE GALAXY CALLED KNOWHERE.

IT'S THE LAST KNOWN PLACE FOR COUNTLESS SOULS WHO END UP NEVER BEING HEARD FROM AGAIN.



IF YOU TRULY WISH TO BECOME LOST, THAT IS THE PLACE TO BEGIN.







HEY EVERYONE!
THE NAME'S SCOTT
LANG OF EAR--ER,
THE NOVA
CORPS!

WE'RE
HERE TO SAVE
YOU!

I'M GOING
TO OPEN THE
DOOR.

BY
KIPINIAK'S
SICKLE!



THIS IS MY
ASSOCIATE
RESCUER,
GAMORA.

MOVE
QUICKLY--I
HEAR MORE OF
THEM COMING
OUR WAY.



OUR
SHIP'S
RIGHT UP
AHEAD.



OH,
NO!



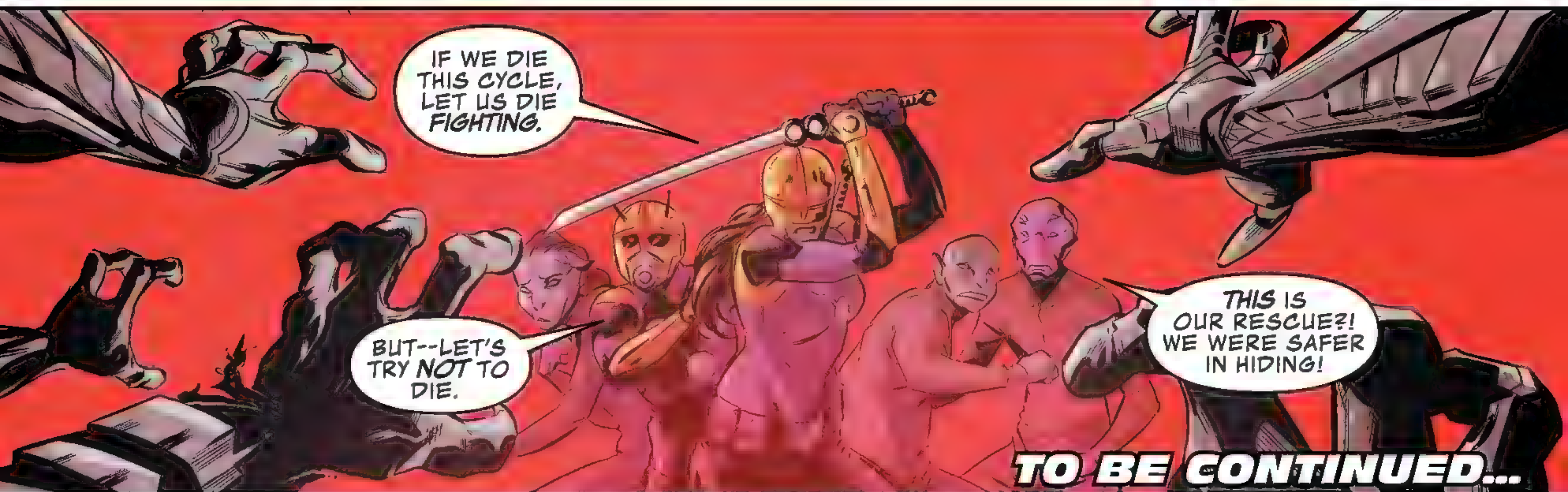
AT LEAST,
THIS IS
WHERE IT
WAS...

WE HAVE
BEEN BETRAYED!
I'LL KILL THOSE
NOVAS--IF WE
SURVIVE.



HERE
THEY
COME!

PICK UP
ANYTHING YOU
CAN FIGHT WITH AND
PUT YOUR BACKS
TOGETHER!



IF WE DIE
THIS CYCLE,
LET US DIE
FIGHTING.

BUT--LET'S
TRY NOT TO
DIE.

THIS IS
OUR RESCUE?!
WE WERE SAFER
IN HIDING!

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next

ISSUE:



GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY #147



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PETER
QUILL.

STAR-LORD

CHILD OF EARTH
AND THE DISTANT
PLANET SPARTAX.

BIT OF A
CRIMINAL.

SELF-PROCLAIMED
AWESOME DUDE.

ABSOLUTE,
TOTAL MORON.



~~DRAX~~

THE DESTROYER.

THE ARTIST
FORMERLY
KNOWN AS
ARTHUR
DOUGLAS.

BROUGHT BACK
TO LIFE TO KILL
THANOS. KIND OF.



LOOK, IT'S COMPLICATED.
LONG STORY SHORT, DRAX
IS A BADASS. OR AT LEAST
HE WAS. SEE, NOW HE'S A
PACIFIST. THIS FLARKING GUY.

GAMORA ZEN
WHOBერი BEN TITAN.
OR JUST, Y'KNOW--

GAMORA

RAISED AND TRAINED
BY THANOS. YEAH,
THAT GUY AGAIN. LIKE
ALL GOOD KIDS, SHE
REBELLED. SHE'S OKAY.

ALL RIGHT, FINE,
I'LL ADMIT IT--SHE
SCARES THE
FLARK OUT OF ME.



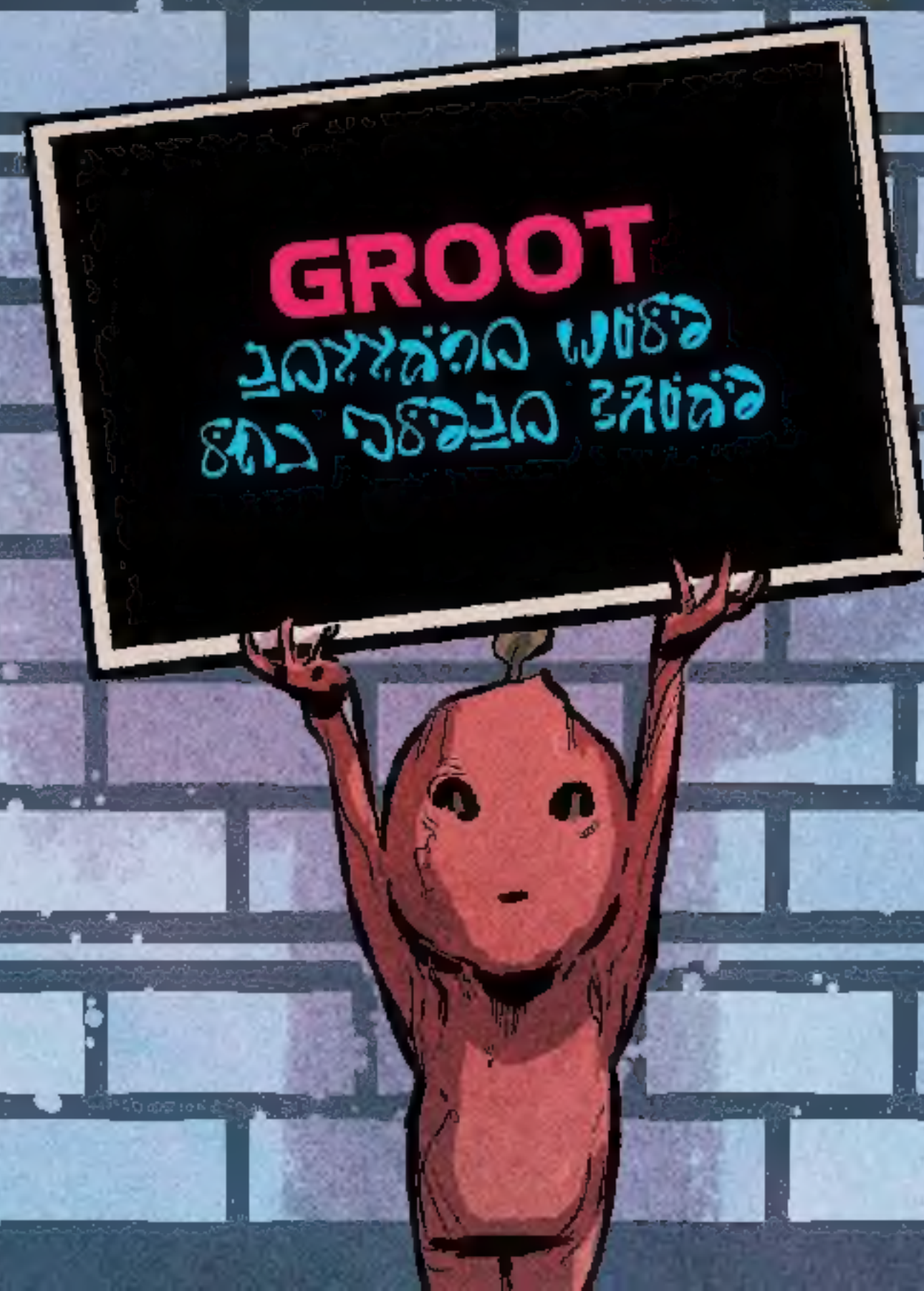
GROOT

OR AS HE WOULD
SAY, "I AM GROOT."

THAT'S ALL THIS
PIECE OF KINDLING
EVER SAYS.

GROOT'S A FLORA
COLOSSUS FROM
PLANET X.

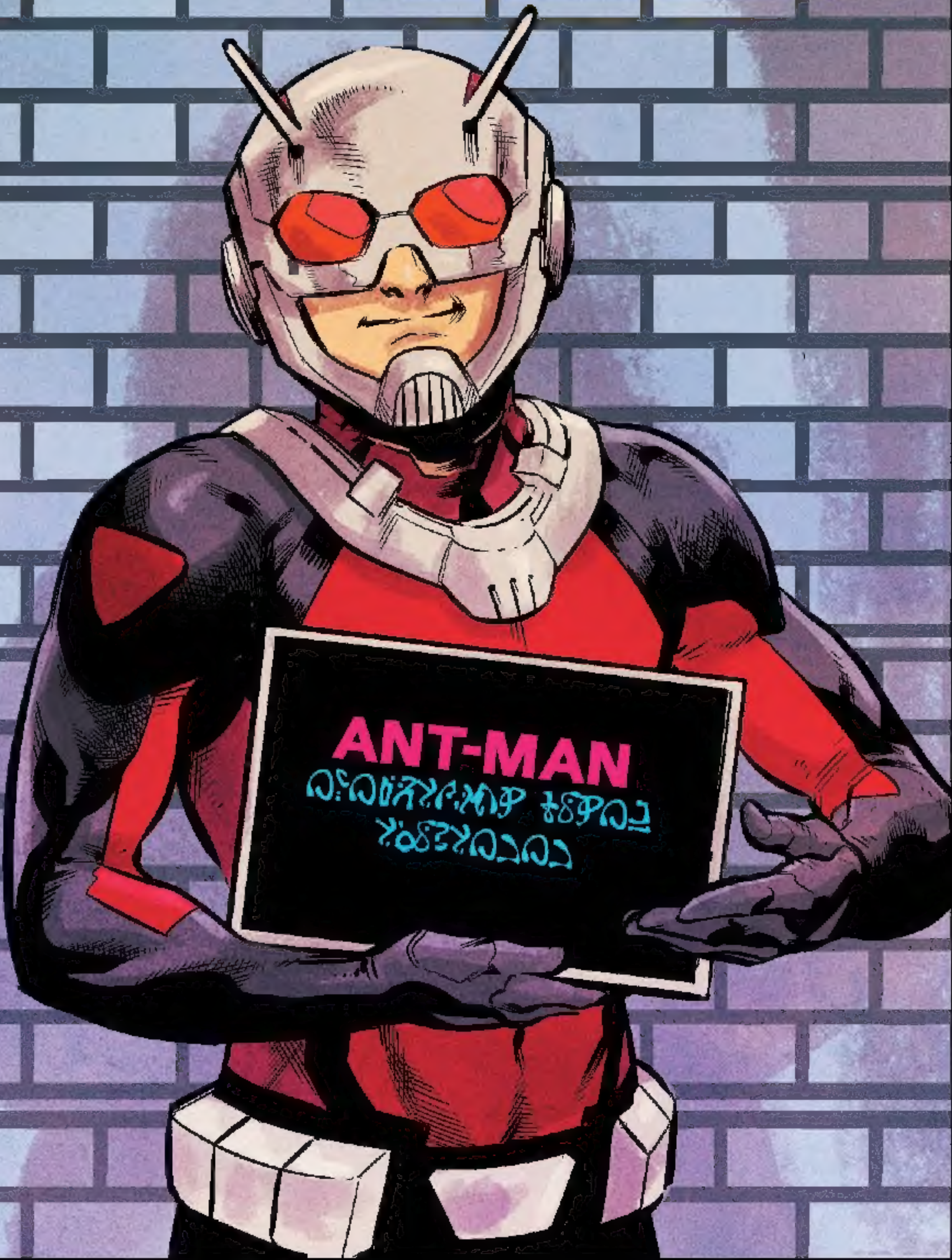
WE MET IN
PRISON. HE'S
MY FAV.



SCOTT LANG.

ANT-MAN

DUDE CAN MAKE HIMSELF BIG OR SMALL AND CONTROL ANTS WITH THAT DUMB BUCKET ON HIS HEAD. NOT EVEN SURE HOW HE GOT HERE, REALLY.



AND THEN THERE'S ME.

ROCKET

OR AS YOU JERKS FROM EARTH SAY, ROCKET RACCOON.

I WAS CREATED IN A LAB. I LIKE LONG WALKS IN THE PARK, BLOWING STUFF UP AND MONEY. CLEARLY, I'M THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT.



WE ALL USED TO RUN ON OUR OWN.

BUT THE THING IS--AND IF YOU TELL 'EM I SAID THIS I'LL KILL YA--WE WORK BETTER TOGETHER. AND THIS OL' UNIVERSE IS A BIG OL' DUMPSTER THAT'S IN CONSTANT NEED OF SAVING.

WHO BETTER THAN US, RIGHT?

SO, IF YOU'RE IN A JAM IN DEEP SPACE, OR YA GOT A LINE ON A GOOD SCORE, JUST REACH OUT TO...



...THE
GUARDIANS
of the **GALAXY**



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